

DOCTOR WHO BAT ATTACK!

LONDON, 1897

...HAD THE EVIL PROFESSOR JANUS BEEN MARRIED THIS MORNING, THE CASE OF THE UNSUITABLE SUITOR MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN CLOSED!

DOCTOR, YOU AND MISS TYLER SHALL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT! HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA SHALL HEAR OF THIS!



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FANTASTIC!
YOU CAN BE
THE DUKE DE
TARDIS, I'LL
BE NICOLE
KIDMAN...

UH...
RIGHT...

HOY, CABBIE! WHAT'S WITH THE GO-SLOW?
THE CONGESTION CHARGE
DOESN'T KICK IN FOR
OVER A CENTURY!





I TRUST YOUR YOUNG CHARGE WILL NOT BE TOO AFRAID?

WHAT, OF DRACULA? HA! TRUST ME, MATE, THERE'S THINGS I'VE SEEN WOULD MAKE YOUR BEARD CURL!

IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, ROSE, WE'RE HERE FOR A REASON...

MR STOKER, MR IRVING: GUYS, I HAVE TO TELL YOU THERE'S A SWARM OF BATS ABOVE THIS THEATRE, AND -

BRAM! BRAM!

OH, WHAT NOW?

'TIS MY WIFE, FLORENCE - BUT WHAT BRINGS HER HERE AT SUCH A CANTER?

...A TELEGRAM, BRAM, FROM SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS! BEARING MOST TERRIBLE NEWS...!

H-HE ARRIVED IN ENGLAND JUST YESTERDAY! OH, MY HUSBAND - I FEAR HE WANTS YOUR BLOOD!

'HE'? 'HE'? WHO IS THIS 'HE'?

GOOD QUESTION!

...TRY THE BIG SCARY BLOKE IN ROW G?

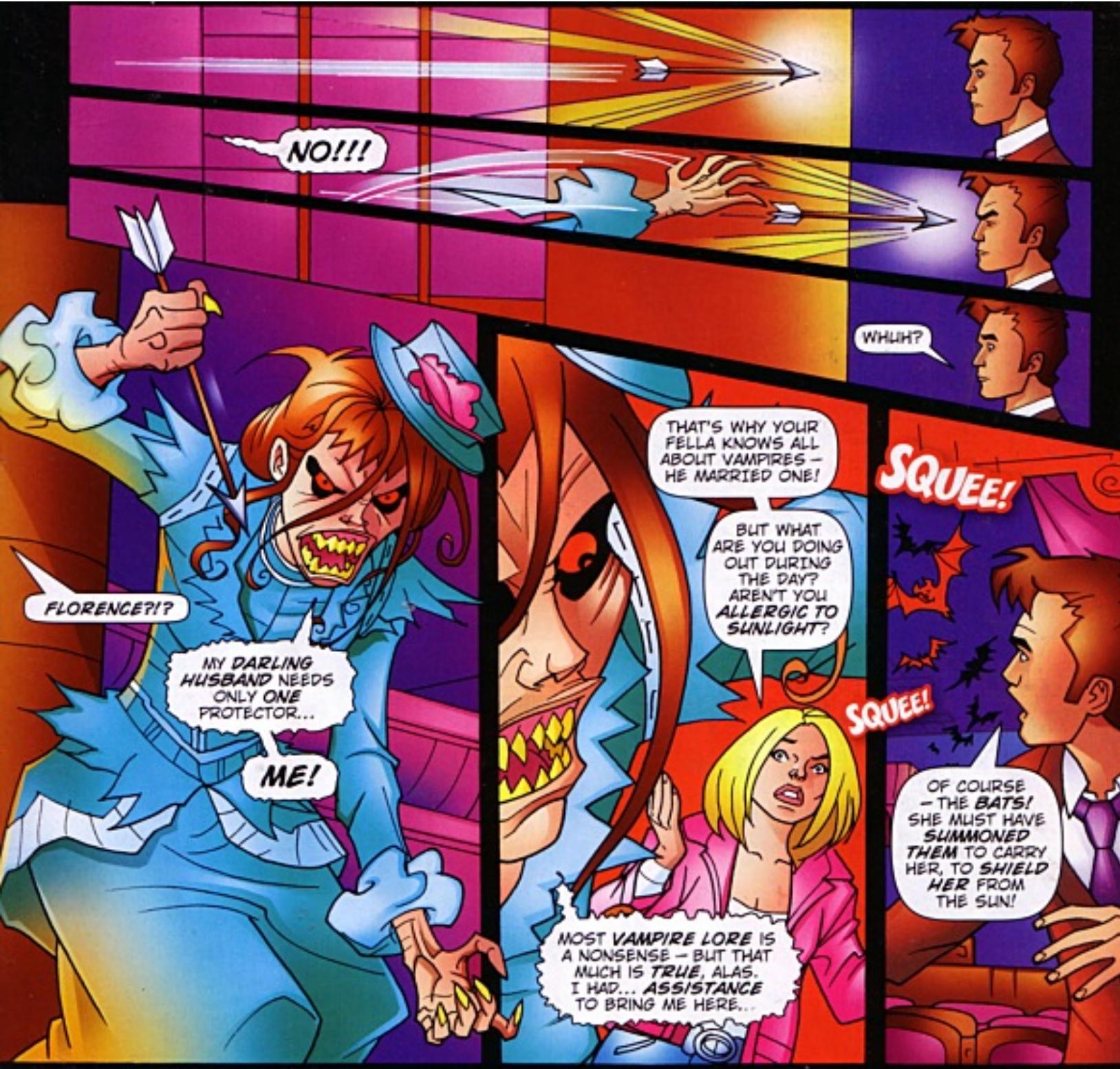
UH...

GOOD ANSWER!

STOKER! STOKER!! 'HE' IS INDEED I...

COUNT DRACULA OF TRANSYLVANIA, COME TO WREAK MY REVENGE ON YOU!





WE CAN COUNT THE COUNT OUT OF THE EQUATION... BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT YOU, FLORENCE?

MY SECRET MUST REMAIN SECRET! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT ALL OF YOU?

NO ONE CAN HELP. IT IS TWENTY YEARS SINCE THE MAN I FIRST LOVED MADE ME THIS.

TWENTY YEARS IN DARKNESS, WITH ONLY FAITHFUL BRAM TO HELP ME, TO KEEP ME NOURISHED.

WHAT'VE YOU DONE, FLORENCE?

THEY ARE MESMERISED. I MUST VAMPIRISE THEM ALL!

FLORENCE, NO! I'M THE DOCTOR, I CAN HELP!

WHAT? SHE SUCKS YOUR BLOOD?

NO! THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES - LIKE THE BLOOD OF SMALLER MAMMALS. KITTENS, WE'VE FOUND, ARE BEST.

THAT'S BETTER?!

VAMPIRISM'S MORE COMMON THAN YOU THINK, ROSE. WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP, DID AN OLD LADY LIVE NEARBY, BUT NEVER WENT OUT AND KEPT TOO MANY CATS?

SO IF WE DESTROY THE MAN WHO TURNED HER, SHE'S CURED?

EXACTLY. WHO WAS IT, FLORENCE, WHO MADE YOU LIKE THIS?

THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO ME IS INFAMOUS NOW. THE FOREMOST POET, WIT AND PLAYWRIGHT OF THE AGE...

HIS NAME IS OSCAR WILDE.

'OKAY, PROBLEM. IT'S 1897 - OLD OSCAR'S BANGED UP IN READING GAOL!'

HMM. "WE ARE ALL OF US IN THE GUTTER, BUT SOME OF US ARE LOOKING AT THE... 'ROOF'? 'SKY'?"

TELL YOU ONE THING, IN ALL ITS FORMS, IT'S AN ALIEN DISEASE, A VIRUS, DEPENDENT FOR SURVIVAL ON ITS HOST...

SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

SIMPLE! WE'LL BREAK INTO PRISON AND WE'LL CURE OSCAR WILDE. AND I TELL YOU WHAT ELSE, ROSE -

WE'RE GONNA SAVE THE KITTENS!

EEEEEEOOOOOOHWWWW!

TO BE CONTINUED! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE, OUT ON 7 SEPTEMBER, FOR THE THRILLING CONCLUSION!